Haſt. His Grace lookes cheerfully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well.
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewen it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your Grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders, whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp,
And this is that Edwards wife, that monſtrous witch
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet Shore,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord,
Glo. If, thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Talſt thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I ſweare,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt manet.*
Ha. Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Ca. with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the ſlaughte
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpa
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enem
How they at Pomfret bloodily we
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy h
Is lighted on poore Haſtings wret
Cat. Diſpatch my Lo. the Duke
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of wor
Which we more hunt for, then for t
Who builds his hopes in aier of you
Liues like drunken Saylers on a ma
Ready with euery nod to tumble do
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhall

Enter Duke of Gloſter and Buck

Glo. Come couſin, canſt thou quak
Murther thy breath in middle of a w
And then begin againe, and ſtop aga
As if thou wert diſtraught and mad
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedi
Speake, and looke backe, and prie o
Intending deere ſuſpition, gaſtly loo
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmile
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *En*
Gl. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge th
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent fo
Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the wall
Buc. Harke I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee,
Buc. God and our innocencie de
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby

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